

Right by Vickydreadful

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Summary:

[...]You solve your problems with your fists because that's the way Neil taught you to solve your problems. I'm a foolish person because my parents always put the family image in front of their own family[...]

Right

Author's Note:

Hi, I'm new here and this is my first translated fic, if you have any interest in give me some tips, or correct mistakes, I would thank you. Be nice, please?

Chapter 1

"Call me by your name and I'll call you by mine."

André Aciman

"I can fuck you if it that's what you want."

Here we go.

Billy slammed the locker room door so hard it even frightened him. But his eyes were not wide open because of the noise.

"What did you just say?" He asked blinking several times at the boy leaning against the door beside him.

"I said ..." Steve moved closer to Billy, who caught his breath unconsciously. "That I can fuck you if you want."

A punch.

A punch and a well-punched kick in Steve's mouth. That's what Billy should do. He was supposed to punch and punch Steve's face until he take back everything he had said.

But instead of reacting, he just stood looking into Steve's eyes, big and beggars. Steve was wearing what appeared to be an exact copy of Harrison Ford in Blade Runner, minus the hair, the hair remained the same.

Billy hadn't said anything yet, he was looking deep into Steve's eyes

as if he expected the boy to reveal that it was all a joke and that his heterosexuality was still intact. Billy knew that was a lie. But Steve did not move, or blinked. He watched Billy with the same intensity that was observed and for a few seconds he wondered if Steve was really real, if that was really happening.

In short, Billy found it all so absurd that he could not put together an 'n' and an 'o'.

Fuck.

One of the most beautiful words in the world in Billy Hargrove's opinion. And how many meanings it could have.

"Are you talking about fucking me like ... Did you file a lawsuit against me?" He asked blinking in confusion.

Steve laughed.

And it was a laugh that came down in the hairs on the back of his neck like a cold hand.

"No." Steve said when he stopped laughing. "I'm talking about you sucking my dick."

God.

A sharp, clunky noise left Billy's lips as he stifled a cry of frustration.

Not that he had never thought about sucking a dick, what boy at puberty had not fantasized about a pretty girl, preferably Jane Fonda, on her knees? Which boy at puberty never switched Jane Fonda for Tom Cruise in *Endless Love*?

God.

Turns out Billy was no longer a boy at puberty, so at that point when he looked at Steve's pants front, he could not blame the hormones.

But he wished he could.

And what was Steve's problem anyway? They hadn't talked to each

other since the confusion in the Byers' house and Billy could not lie to himself that since then he was scared shit to think that Steve could throw a charge against him, even more that Hopper was sniffing the boy's neck.

Hopper sniffed Billy's neck as well, but for a completely different reason.

Demogorgons.

Eleven.

Upside Down.

Billy had found out about all this in the worst possible way, when he woke up at the Byers' house and in need of ice.

Billy wished he'd never opened that freezer.

He screamed. A scream that would make his father give him a scratch and call him a little bitch.

Billy waited at the Byers' house and convinced himself that whatever was in the freezer was just a dead dog, which was strange, but hey, the house was covered in doodles, nothing could get any weirder. That's when the door opened by itself.

The door was closed and it opened on its own.

Right.

Hopper asked if Billy needed some explanation.

Hell, no!

Joyce asked if he understood anything.

No thank you.

And then Will came.

Small, fragile, curled up in a sheet supported by Jonathan.

Will looked at Billy and blushed. He blushed so hard that Billy even looked around. The boy disengaged himself from Jonathan and pressed the sheet to his body. He ran to the bedroom and stumbled over one of the scribbles on the wall. When he reached the bedroom door he looked at Billy shyly and smiled.

Ah yes.

Will was Billy's motive not to have skinned Steve's face because he thought Billy might be a ...

A...

That.

Queer.

Right.

Jonathan had talked to Billy about it. And Billy was a decent guy. He said nothing during Jonathan's monologue. But when he quietly admitted that Billy was Will's first crush, Billy collapsed in several ways.

He remembered Neil and his aggressive fist. He remembered the words of hatred and the tug of hair, remembered the blows and always the same cursing. Faggot.

Billy didn't know what it was to be ... That. He'd never given Neil a reason to call him that. But the cursing burned like an open wound and looking at Jonathan's closed face, Billy understood only one thing.

He didn't want Will to feel that way.

Jonathan at the end of the conversation had only one request.

'Don't break his heart.'

'Please.'

Billy remembered that conversation for a long time when he was

home. While washing the dishes, pulling weight and taking a shower.

Queer.

Right.

He came from California, San Diego, he knew full well what queer was. He knew what queers do and knew full well that it had a lot to do with Tom Cruise on Endless Love on his knees.

Billy thought about being queer in the dead of the night. He thought of Will. He thought of how Will knew it was queer, if Will knew what it was. He thought of Will alone with his Kevin Costners, his Harrison Fords and his Tom Cruises. He wondered if Will thought of them as Billy thought.

After Jonathan, came Nancy. She didn't talk to Billy. She looked and looked and then said slowly that if Billy did something against Will, she would kill him.

Billy believed it.

Finally, Joyce and his nervous fingers, always holding a cigarette, said that he knew that Jonathan had already talked to him, but that he wanted to make sure his son would not get hurt.

Billy discovered that he was very fond of Joyce Byers.

What a woman.

She told of her ex-husband and how everyone in the family knew that Will could come to like boys. She told him that she was afraid that Will would end up in depression and that he would not be able to stand if Billy broke his little heart.

Billy did not know if it was the story about the ex or the diminutive way that Joyce used to speak about heart. But at the end of the conversation, Joyce invited him to dinner. Billy agreed.

He stupidly accepted.

The dinner had not been anymore strange since Eleven had won in

that respect.

Things got weirder when Joyce in an attempt to break the silence asked Billy's grades.

Nancy choked on the peas when Billy said he was the first in class.

'You're not the first in class,' she'd said accusingly. 'The first class is Willian Sanchez.'

It's me. He said casually. Taking a sip of coke.

'Are you Willian Sanchez?' She had her fork standing halfway to her mouth.

Of course, Nancy. Did you really think my name was Billy?

'My name is Willian too!' The embarrassing silence was cut by Will's thin voice. The boy turned red as a ripe tomato and hid behind the glass.

The most beautiful name in the world, right? Billy said looking at the boy and smiling. He could hear Joyce's relieved breath and it warmed Billy's heart.

The family warmed Billy's heart.

He missed California.

At the end of the night Billy let out that he liked Star Wars and that Han Solo was one of his favorite characters, said that he did not like Luke very much, but he was a nice guy.

The children laughed on hi joke about Lando and Lucas seriously asked how Billy liked Lando if Lando was black.

The silence had returned more awkward than before. Billy remembered Neil and looked at Max knowing that she would remember Neil as well, when these two did not remember Neil?

Billy swallowed.

'I'm sorry.' He whispered to Lucas. 'It's not me.' Lucas agreed, he knew.

Eleven then asked who Lando was and the subject seemed to flow.

Billy speaks Spanish and a little of French. He had memorized Hawkins' best routes on the second day, and he wanted to study mechanical engineering at the University of California.

William H. Sanchez.

Nancy had a problem believing, but she laughed as Billy showed her the driver's license.

For another hour everything was in perfect harmony, casual questions about hobbies and cherished discussions about the Empire.

That's when Steve arrived.

His face was stained purple, blue, and yellow. One cut on his lip and another on his eyebrow. Billy clenched his hands into fists and stood up without a word. He kissed Joyce's face and stroked Will's hair, which smiled sheepishly. He passed Steve in a hurry, but not without first noticing how abrupt Steve had gotten out of the way.

Everything seemed to have changed.

Except Steve.

Steve didn't change.

Billy kept pushing the boy in court, and Steve kept glaring at Billy. They didn't talk. Never. When Steve arrived Billy left and vice versa. Steve was talking, Billy was not listening and vice versa. The two seemed to live in a never-ending cycle of vices and verses.

That's when it all started to become ...

At least the minimum ...

Sexual.

Every move that Billy made was evidenced by Steve's gaze. Each step was observed with caution and each breath was reported.

Aggressive looks and abrupt gestures. Billy found himself trying to steer away from Steve. In court he didn't surround him anymore, he left the wing position for Tommy and stayed in the bottom. But when Tommy handed him the ball, Billy felt Steve's entire body lean against his, the warmth of his skin and the odor of his sweat. His thighs glued to Billy's thighs and, to the boy's disgust and surprise, the hard cock wedged between his buttocks. Billy thought he was going to die. He shoved Steve hard, the cursing crossing his throat quickly but as soon as the words came out of his mouth Will's smiling face came to mind.

Steve smirked and returned to the game as if nothing had happened.

No word was said.

When Billy arrived at the shower and Steve was finishing wiping, no word was spoken. But Steve's eyes wandering around Billy's tired body did not need subtitles.

Robert DeNiro came to mind, along with Costners and Geres.

Steve had his Cruises too.

That was the fastest shower Billy had ever had in his life. Mainly because he felt Steve's gaze in his lower parts, Steve who pretended to have a problem with his pants button just to have an excuse to stay a little longer in the locker room.

God.

It was on a hand-to-hand training day that Billy let himself be carried away by Steve's taunts. The coach had separated them into pairs and each pair had to face another to make a point. Steve was paired with a boy named Gus and Billy was put on defense with McMillan.

Steve approached cautiously with the ball, watching Billy. He came close enough that the defense could steal the ball, but Steve made no attempt to attack, Gus called his name and Steve passed him the ball, McMillan ran against Gus and Billy did the same.

Steve slid into his back again, but this time, as Billy gasped with exhaustion, he did not pull away.

He thought of his Cruises.

Billy rolled his hips against Steve and laughed when a weak moan reached his ears. He kept moving around the court, pretending that the way Steve tightened his waist was normal, pretending that the sweat that ran down the boy's face and fell on his shirt didn't excite him. In the showers they showered slowly. Steve passed the soap onto the muscles of his back and Billy let the warm water trickle down his thighs.

Smiles were exchanged and each followed to their cars. Steve was walking behind Billy, and the boy felt the look burn his back.

Sasha had a party a week later. And that's where Billy lost his head.

Steve could not be more attractive. He wore tight jeans in the right places, and the white T-shirt was clinging to his back with sweat. Billy could not take his eyes off the boy. He drank what he had to drink and convinced himself that he could not be right of his head. Neil had always said that real men didn't commit ... What was the word?

Sodomy.

Right.

Real men didn't commit sodomy. So why did Billy think of Steve? Because all the anger he felt for the boy was slowly dissolving like sugar in warm water?

Maniac started playing and Billy can not help it anymore. His eyes locked on hips that moved with the restless rhythm of the music. He swallowed as Steve began to jump excitedly and drunkenly down the dance floor, tossing his head back and singing along with the music.

Billy found out he wanted to dissolve into Steve.

Just as Steve wanted to dissolve into Billy.

Then he walked toward Steve slowly as the music changed. He moved his hips like Steve, but didn't touch him, at least that his drunken brain could alert. He danced in circles around Steve and smiled as the boy began to have eyes only for Billy. As the music slowed, his hips kept up and everything seemed so sexual that some girls were giggling staring at them. Not imagining that the two of them were trying to figure it out each other.

sweet dreams are made of this

Steve said something, but Billy did not hear it, so Steve approached.

Billy ran at that moment. Leaving Steve stunned on the dance floor.

Billy had the feeling he would come in his pants if Steve got any closer.

At home he threw himself on the bed and growled in frustration, he remembered how he tried to think of Carrie Fisher, Jane, or Streep. But all that came to his mind was Steve's hungry eyes on him as they danced. All he could think of was the lascivious form that Steve held him at court, his hands warm at his waist.

He wasn't able to go out with anyone, he wasn't able to have sex with any girl, he got a B- in math and kept looking at the grade as if it were an unknown animal. Neil, who had been quiet for a while, didn't take Billy's grade very well, and they had an ugly fight.

And that was how Billy had found himself in this situation. Standing in the locker, staring into Steve's big eyes as if he'd just dumped him a bucket of cold water.

"You have problems, Harrington," he replied, his throat strangely dry. "Serious problems."

Steve laughed and leaned against the door, but his face continued to face Billy, studying his reactions.

"I have?" He asked and pulled Billy's folder hard. He tried to get it back, but Steve lifted it above his head and Billy could not get too close to Steve. "A little bird told me you took a B- in math."

Nancy.

"I don't know how that's any of your business," Billy replied gruffly and locked the cabinet.

"Everything that happens in this school is my business," Steve answered nonchalantly and opened Billy's folder, pulling out a notebook. Billy then, shamefully, had an erection.

Everything that happens in this school is my business. It was the first time Billy had heard Steve speak like the old Steve. It was the first time Billy understood why Tommy said he missed the old Steve. Instead of feeling threatened, Billy felt ...

I felt ...

Right.

"I think you're trying to intimidate the wrong guy." Billy folded his arms.

Steve then took his eyes off from the now opened notebook, he slowly pulled a pen from the back pocket of his jeans and wrote something on the page. When he finished, he looked at Billy from head to toe.

"You look like the right guy to me."

Right.

Billy felt his face warm and then Steve laughed. It wasn't a malicious laugh or anything, it was a sincere laugh.

"You like it?" Steve asked suddenly, fingering his hair.

"What?" Billy questioned following the movements of Steve's fingers and trying not to imagine what those fingers would look like in his blond locks.

"Old Steve," he replied with a shrug. "You said you wanted to meet him."

The air caught in his throat and Billy choked.

Steve laughed even more and handed the briefcase and notebook to Billy. He stepped back from the cabinets and stood in front of Billy, who leaned against the cold metal.

Steve didn't transgress his personal space, although they were in an empty hallway, they were still in school. Someone could pass at any moment.

Billy's lips were parted, breathing hard. Had he liked to meet old Steve?

Right.

The boy then walked away.

"My offer is still valid," he said lower. "Your fights, your low grades ... I can finish this all."

Sexual frustration.

"Fuck you, Harrington." Billy growled and finally had a reaction that sounded like him. He? Sexual frustration?

Steve just laughed and walked away, raising his arms as if to say: "Okay, you won."

But Billy knew it was not like that. He knew he would get home and get the tape of Endless Love that belonged to Susan and would look at Tom Cruise the whole movie.

As Steve disappeared into the corner of the corridor, Billy pulled out the notebook and flipped through pages of equations until he found what he was looking for. In ugly scrawls made of red paint, Steve had written: *You rocked me like a hurricane* and an address that was obviously his home's.

Billy crumpled the paper and threw it in the trash, he felt every part of his body catching on fire. Not in a negative way.

Finding out Steve's address was not difficult, Tommy had said

without blinking or worrying. Billy then took the car and drove, for the first time in his life, below normal speed. The whole trip he trained what he was going to say. He was going to say that if Steve did not stop bothering him at school, Billy would break his face again. He would say that he was not frustrated sexually, he was frustrated and that's it. He would say that he was not queer and that he would never be. And if Steve don't understand the first time, he would throw him on the nearest wall and threaten him with his fists.

He tried not to imagine Steve stuck between the wall and his body.

"Shit." he cursed as he made the final turn to Steve's house. It was time for him to have a chat with Steve Harrington.

He repeated the speech one more time and got out of the car, slamming the door with unnecessary force, just to warn he was coming.

Before he even reached the door, he was greeted by Steve, who wore a smugly beautiful smile. Billy took a deep breath and began to speak.

"Look you shit, it's not because I treat Will well that I'll have the same attitude with you." He paused for breath and Steve just raised an eyebrow. "Will is special, he's a kid and I like him. I don't like you." Billy crossed the rest of the way to face Steve, who didn't leave his propped up position at the door, just looked up at Billy. "I don't like you." He repeated. Steve licked his lips and Billy found himself following the movement with his eyes. "I hate you, Harrington." He straightened and moved closer to Billy, who could feel his heart pounding in his chest. Steve touched his chest, his arms, dragged his fingers down his neck and grabbed his earring, Billy realized that he was breathing heavily trying not to lean to Steve's warm touch, trying not to throw everything Neil had taught him up. "I'm not a fag, Harrington," he whispered. Steve's hands stopped and curled into the thin hair at the base of this neck.

"Keep saying that to yourself." Steve whispered as well, his other hand finding Billy's waist slowly. The boy closed his eyes and took several deep breaths before opening them again. Steve was still standing, massaging the back of his neck as he pulled Billy, almost

effortlessly into the house. He knew that if he crossed the door, there would be no turning back, he would let himself get carried away by Steve's touch, by the coarse form he gripped his waist, Billy knew that if that door closed, he would indulge in the insane desires of Stallones and Pacinos, he knew that when he go home he could not face Neil, he could not even look at his own father. He knew he would be ruined for any woman, that once he tasted the taste he longed for, he could not go back. But even so, when Steve gave a last jerk and the door slammed behind him, Billy wrapped his arms around Steve's neck and let himself be carried away.

He never thought of being kissed that way. It was usually him who grabbed the girls by the waist, leaning against the wall.

But with Steve that was different.

With Steve, he was the one being leaned against the wall, unconsciously one of his legs rose and hugged Steve's waist. Their mouths met aggressively and Billy never kissed someone like that. Steve grabbed his thigh that leaned against his waist and lifted it even more, snuggling into Billy and kissing him even more deeply. Billy felt saliva trickling down his chin, and he felt Steve's tongue in his, wild and euphoric, searching for a pace that was pleasurable. Steve's other hand snaked inside his dark shirt and Billy moaned like a teenager when cold fingers found his nipples.

He was so excited that he didn't notice when his fingers closed on Steve's back desperate for more contact. Breathing hard from the kiss, Steve pulled away and pressed his hands to Billy's thigh, making sure it stayed right there. Billy did not want to open his eyes, did not want to face Steve's red lips, he could not. So he leaned his face up and leaned his head against the wall, and Steve kissed his throat, the base of his neck, his shoulder. He felt his tongue and teeth on his skin and moved his hips, seeking a friction he found immediately. Harrington was hard against his muscular leg.

God.

Billy didn't know what to think but *yes, please, don't stop* . He was lost in the sensation of a man's body leaning against his, a hard body throbbing, a body holding his on the wall as if Billy were weighing a

feather.

"Billy, are you okay?" Steve asked quietly and Billy's eyes widened as he heard dishes tinkling.

"Harrington, are you not alone at home?" Steve just smiled and pushed his hips forward, Billy looked deep into Steve's eyes and pushed back, a soft noise escaping Steve's lips.

He was so beautiful.

Not as beautiful as Tom Cruise.

But beautiful.

And he was so close that Billy could see perfectly his freckles and the gold dots in his eyes. The hips found a rhythm that was comfortable for both of them and Steve's hands slipped from his legs to his back. Billy moaned softly and bit his own lips, trying to muffle the sounds coming out of his mouth. Steve was having a bit more difficulty on this score, he took one last look in Billy's eyes and then hid his face in the neck of the blonde.

The movements began to become more violent and even under his pants, Billy could feel the shape of Steve's dick on his thigh, seeking relief.

"You like it?" Steve asked around his neck and Billy nodded, squeezing his leg even more tightly around Steve's waist. "I want you so much." He kissed Billy's neck and at that moment the boy wondered why he had denied that pleasure for so long. He realized that this was right, he liked to be tight and caressed, that he liked to feel a thick cock on his body.

"Harrington ..." He moaned and moved his hips to the side until his dick and Steve's were rubbing against each other.

"Call me by your name." Steve lifted his face and licked a path from Billy's chin, who didn't understand what he meant by that, to his ear, he took the earring between his teeth and gave a slight tug. "Billy," he whispered and the boy got lost.

It was the best orgasm Billy ever had. His whole body tensed, and he clung desperately to Steve, who massaged his back languidly. Billy felt like a boy going through puberty, witnessing orgasm for the first time and, in a way, he was. He was lost in sensation, lost in the way Steve grabbed his buttcheeks over his jeans and pushed himself against Billy's groin a few more times. He kissed Steve's wrinkled face, his cheeks, his chin and bit his shoulder over his shirt.

" *Jesus* ." he whispered against the skin of his neck and Steve froze in place, squeezing Billy hard against the wall and holding his breath.

Though the inside of his pants was lumpy and uncomfortable, Billy was feeling so good and relaxed that he didn'tt bother with anything. Steve still had his hands on his ass, but not in a malicious way, he was resting his face on Steve's chest and Billy decided that this was a good time to remove the leg from the boy's waist.

Billy lowered his leg slowly, but Steve's hands flew to his waist.

"Don't go." He murmured and kissed Billy one more time. This time it was just a touch of lips, no rush or violence. Billy moved his lips sensuously and didn't t know what to do with his hands.

"That was great." he told Steve, who laughed softly and buried his face again in Billy's neck.

"Yeah, it was great." He pulled away then and finally Billy looked inside Steve's house.

"Fucking hell." He cursed and disentangled himself from the wall, looking at the chandelier in the kitchen and the marble table in the living room.

Several photos of Steve were scattered over a wooden counter that appeared to be more expensive than Billy's car. One was a picture of Steve beside a slim, smiling woman.

"And you didn't see the pool."

Of course Harrington had a pool.

"Pool?" Billy turned and found Steve with the side of the body leaning

against the wall, looking at Billy with something that looked like tenderness.

"I would invite you, but the kids are there."

No.

"What?" Billy blinked a few times at last, remembering the clink of dishes he had heard earlier. "Will is here?"

Steve then abruptly closed his face and started walking toward the kitchen.

Billy looked around and didn't know what to do, so he followed the boy.

Steve's kitchen had so many appliances that Billy did not recognize some, he had a television too, who the hell had a television in the kitchen? Everything shone too, as if it had just been cleaned. Through the kitchen window, Billy watched the children play and jumping in the pool, among them was Max, who Billy had no idea how got there and Will, sitting on the edge of the pool, feet swaying in the water. Billy then felt the guilt grow in his chest.

What if Will had seen Billy and Steve?

"Your boyfriend's over there." Steve said and Billy turned to the boy, who had a beer in his hand to Billy.

"Don't talk like that, Harrington." Billy picked up the beer and took two long sips. Steve just took a deep breath and opened his own beer. "Are you jealous?" Billy laughed, but the laughter subsided as Steve glanced sideways at him.

"I am." Steve took his beer all at once and threw the can into the sink. Billy felt the beer freeze the palms of his hand. "You can stay if you want." Steve passed Billy and bent down, kissing the boy's face. Billy jumped back and Steve laughed.

Steve stepped through the smoked glass door and ran to the pool. He took off his T-shirt and threw himself into the water while the children screamed merrily. Eleven was among them, but she was not

in the pool, just looked at it and smiling at Mike who casually spilled water on the girl.

Eleven could move things with his mind.

Right.

Billy drank the rest of the beer and went through the doors. Max saw him and nodded, but soon Lucas threw her into the water. Billy walked over to where Will was and sat down beside him. Taking off his shoes and stocking, carefully wrapping the bar of his pants and putting his sweaty feet in the warm water.

"Hey, kid," he said, but didn't look at Will.

"Hi." He answered and Billy thought twice, thinking it would not be proper to take his shirt off in front of the boy, but thinking a little more he decided that he should treat Will normally.

"Steve invited you?" He asked, closing his eyes because of the sun.

"I broke in." Billy answered and ripped open the buttons of his shirt, tossing the cloth on a chair behind Will. It was too hot for Hawkins, it almost reminded him of California. San Diego was a lot warmer, obviously, but the heat was good for Billy to get back the tan he'd lost. "Don't you like swimming?"

Will shrugged uneasily. "It's not that I don't like it." He didn't go on, and Billy decided not to push on it. Instead, he just enjoyed the sun and the occasional drops of water falling on his exposed body. He was so relaxed that he could not worry about anything. He could not worry about what Neil would say if he saw him that way, or how things would be from that moment on with Steve. He could not worry about Eleven, or Will pulling the hem of his shorts as he laughed at some nonsense Dustin had spoken of.

He reached up and covered the sun that beat in his eyes. It had been so long since he felt like this.

He had changed a lot since he had actually met these people. He had changed so much that even things at home were getting better.

Billy was angry and aggressive, but with only one evening with Joyce, Will, and Eleven and things had changed like never before. He liked that. He liked those people, and he mostly liked the relaxed feel of his body. He understood why the children, so young and innocent, risked their lives for it. He would risk his life too if he had to.

Billy rubbed a small scar in the shaped of a big toe that he had and smiled.

"What is this?" Will asked.

"I don't know." Billy answered honestly. "According to Neil I was born with it."

Will frowned and took Billy's wrist and by the way the boy blushed, it took a lot of courage to do that.

"People aren't born with scars." He said and ran his finger through the bruised skin. Billy looked at Steve, who was staring at him across the pool. Steve's gaze went from Will to Billy's wrist and he started to swim toward them.

"What are you doing?" Steve asked, shaking his hair to draw the water from his face.

"Billy has a burn in the arm."

"Burn?" Billy looked at the scar closer.

"Yes." Will answered and traced the edge of the scar with a trembling finger. "The edge of the scar is dark. Normal scars don't get bordered like that." Will shrugged as if it were simple.

"How do you know that?" Steve grabbed Billy's arm and looked more closely.

"We learn this in first aid class."

Steve traced the scar slowly. And Billy felt the hairs on his arm twitch. Steve was leaning over the edge of the pool between Billy and Will. The water dripped from his hair into Billy's jeans, and he wanted to play in the pool with Steve.

"It's funny." Will said suddenly looking at Billy, unaware that Steve was there.

"What's funny?" Billy pulled the arm out of Steve's grip and took a deep breath as the boy squeezed his shin under the water.

"El has a tattoo in that place." Will then stood up and hit the dust of his blue shorts.

Steve took Billy's arm again and nodded silently.

"Come swim with me." Steve asked and pulled Billy through the hem of his jeans. He laughed and shoved Steve with his foot.

"I don't have clothes for that." Billy said.

"I lend you." Steve grabbed Billy's shins again and ran his hands up his legs.

"Everyone's watching." Billy swung his legs trying to get rid of the squeeze.

"So what?" Steve asked and leaned over to the edge of the pool.

He looked across the pool and Will averted his eyes quickly.

Steve followed his eyes and rolled his, rising.

Billy didn't follow.

Why the hell Harrington was jealous? They had nothing. Billy was not queer. He was not like Will and Steve. He was normal.

Normal?

He looked at Eleven curiously picking up a jujube and biting.

What is it to be normal?

Billy had never felt normal. Since he was a kid he'd suffered at home, his mother for some reason would not accept him, Neil blamed him for missing her to the world, and since Billy knew, he suffered at Neil's hands.

Respect and responsibility.

Then Neil got married. Susan came with Max under her wings. All this with Cesar. Susan's ex-husband.

If Neil gave Billy a chill, Cesar gave him a storm.

They came to Hawkins. Hawkins of all places. His mother was from Hawkins, but Neil insisted that they come here.

It was in Hawkins that he realized that he was not normal.

Not even a little.

Billy was a bruised child, scratched by life and had an anguish in his chest that would not go away at all. Respect and responsibility. The phrase was a trigger for bad things to happen. Every time he heard that phrase, his nerves were on fire and he only saw red

But there, at that moment, surrounded by noisy children, he felt a little normal.

Not even the fact that he was discovering his own body in a way deemed so abnormal, he liked Steve. Steve's *body*, not Steve. He enjoyed kissing Steve, how his body fit perfectly. Of how he had felt pleasure only in touching his back, only in feeling the boy's scent.

God. He was queer.

His father was right.

Billy got up and went after Steve inside the house, found him in the kitchen, making sandwiches.

Billy watched the boy's back gently, Steve had so many freckles that if Billy traced them all, he would form a constellation. He walked around the large balcony that cut Steve's kitchen in the middle and looked out the door, all the kids had gone back to the pool, except Will and Eleven. No one was watching them.

Billy rested his palm on Steve's lower back and lightly scratched at the skin.

He saw, god he saw, the hairs on the boy's arms twitch. Billy reached up and scratched the skin over Steve's spine, which was easily seen. Steve grabbed the edge of the sink and leaned in to the touch. When he turned, Billy saw things in the eyes of the boy he had never seen before.

Lust, passion, affection.

All this passing in a flash and getting in the air between the two like electricity.

Steve hugged him, circled Billy's waist with wet arms, leaning his body against his as if they were doing it since always.

Billy wondered if Steve had ever known he was queer. If Steve had repressed this side with Nancy, Billy wondered if the fact that Steve knew what he was doing was because the boy had done it before. With other men.

Billy in the dead of night would lie to himself and say that he didn't, in any way, imagined Steve and Tom Cruise in bed.

"Are you okay?" Steve asked against Billy's neck.

"Yes, a little."

"Do you want to talk about that?"

"About what?"

"About us."

"Us?"

"Yes, us."

So there was a *us*. Steve wanted the to be a *us*, but Billy didn't know what he was doing, he didn't know what he was feeling and deep down in his heart he still felt Neil's slaps and curses. He knew that at that moment Neil was something distant, like a dream that had passed, he knew that at that moment he didn't care about Neil's opinion. But it would be different as soon as he fled Steve's arms. He

knew that as soon as he moved away from the soft body, all doubts and fears would come back under his skin like a disease without cure.

"There is no *us*, Harrington." He said and when he thought that, *that was it*, Steve would shoo him away, he just got a tighter hug.

"Okay.," Steve whispered. Burying his face further into Billy's neck. He took a deep breath, feeling the boy's scent. "Fine." Steve repeated.

"I don't regret it." Billy said. Surprising himself. "Nothing."

And he was not talking about the kiss.

"Alright." One more whisper on his skin.

"I don't regret having beaten you." Billy handed it over.

"You're sabotaging yourself." Steve pulled his face away to look directly into Billy's eyes.

"I don't regret it." Billy said again and swallowed. His heart pounded in his chest, and he knew he was having an anxiety crisis. It was the same feeling he had every time he teased Neil. Every time he said bad things, knowing that Neil would get up and beat him...

Ah.

"You don't regret hitting me ..." Steve said and stroked Billy's face. "Or would you rather not regret having beaten me?"

Billy didn't answer, didn't need to, that kind of question was the kind of question that needed no answer.

Instead of asking for one, Steve kissed him, slowly and pleasantly, without malice, without heat or excitement. It was just a kiss.

A kiss that was being shared by two boys.

At that moment Billy didn't feel like the man Neil wanted him to be. For the first time he didn't want to be that man. He wanted to be a boy. He wanted to be a boy who kissed another boy on a sunny day, wanted to be a boy who didn't have to worry about what Neil would

say about him.

Billy wanted to be Will.

Steve's lips were warm and wet against his. Billy wrapped his arms around Steve's neck and leaned further into the kiss, feeling the warmth and feeling that exchange of affection.

"You could have had a concussion," Billy said between the kiss, taking the other boy's face between his hands and kissing his lips hard.

"I had an concussion," Steve said and squeezed Billy's waist as he tried to pull away. "I had to take six stitches in my head and I wasn't feeling my lips for a few weeks."

Billy thought he was going to throw up. His stomach twisted, and he didn't know how he had not put his breakfast out yet.

"How did you forgive me?" Billy said and tried again to pull away, placing his hands on Steve's chest and pushing him.

"I didn't."

The bile rose in his throat and Steve finally let himself be pushed, Billy ran to the sink, letting go of everything in his stomach.

He felt a gentle hand rise and fall on his back while the other turned on the tap and picked up some cold water, washing his face right away. As he watched the rest of his breakfast down the drain, Steve said.

"You're having an anxiety attack. I have lots of them, Jonathan and Nancy too. "Steve turned off the tap and picked up the cloth beside the sink, wiping Billy's face that was still down. "The kids find it all very exciting to realize the danger is real." When Billy felt he was not going to vomit anymore, he lifted his face and took a deep breath but could not face Steve. "I have not forgiven you, Hargrove, and I know that I will never forgive. In the same way Nancy will never forgive me for having put the fear that my parents would discover that I had given a party over Barbs' life and how I know that Jonathan will never forgive me for breaking his favorite camera." Steve picked Billy's faces in his hands, and he turned to him, Billy's eyes were wet,

and he would tell himself it was because of physical exertion. "You will never forgive your father and don't look at me that way, Max told me. Max will never forgive you for the shitty you treat her." Something seemed to break inside Billy, and he finally looked at Steve, taking all the pain that Steve's calm eyes went through. "I will never forgive my parents for being indifferent and you will never forgive me for enjoying knowing that you were getting beat by Neil." Steve swallowed and looked down at the deck where the children were now resting in the sun. "But it's okay, because I'm never going to break Jonathan's camera again and I'm not going to put anyone's life above my fancies, just as I know that Nancy will never cheat on anyone again and Jonathan will not take pictures of passionate couples." Steve he laughed, but it wasn't a funny laugh. "I'll never enjoy to know that Neil hits again you and you will not hit me again."

He looked at Billy, and he felt small under the gaze of Steve, who seemed to be so wise and mature at that moment. Billy wondered how many times Steve had told himself that to be convinced.

"You look like a fucking psychologist, Harrington." Billy laughed and was reciprocated with a smile, which this time was sincere.

"But it's true. We learn from our mistakes, you know. We learn with purple eyes and broken fingers. And it's okay to think this is silly of me." Steve pulled a loose strand of his shorts that had already dried up a bit. "But that's what keeps me going, Billy." He thought it was beautiful how Steve had said his name. "Our parents keep telling us to follow their advice and learn from the mistakes of the elders, but sometimes we have to learn alone, have our experiences, know what is right and wrong on our own. You solve your problems with your fists because that's the way Neil taught you to solve your problems. I'm a foolish person because my parents always put the family image in front of their own family." Steve pulled Billy by the hem of his pants. "What we have left is resentment, and the certain that we need to decide our ways with our own feet." They kissed again. Steve stroked Billy's back and the boy felt disgusted with the taste of vomit in his own mouth, but when he tried to pull away, Steve caught him, licked his tongue and kissed him warmly.

"When did you think about all of this, Freud?" Billy asked, pushing

the kisses down Steve's neck, biting the soft skin of his throat.

"When Jonathan said Will was in love with you." He scratched Billy's back and the air began to get warmer and heavier. "I laughed, I said it was not possible that anyone could fall in love with you." Billy chuckled against Steve's chest. "Then I realized."

"What?" Billy asked, lifting his face and kissing Steve's chin.

"That I had just looked at you through my eyes. I had never seen you through Will's eyes. When I finally understood what was happening, when I finally set aside things I noticed that you were not much different from El. The only difference is that she was never taught to be human, she never had the sentimental baggage you have. " He said. "That's why I told you to call me by your name, when you call me by your name, I can see you through your eyes."

"You look very romantic to someone who flirted with by saying that could fuck me." Steve threw back his head and laughed heartily, not even realizing when the children's faces had turned to them.

"I was speaking your language." Steve said still smiling. "I got you, right?"

They stared at each other for a few minutes and Billy thought his heart would not hold it.

"You don't exist, Steve." He called the boy's name for the first time. He smiled broadly and rested his forehead on Billy's shoulder, they stayed like that for a while. Lost in thoughts that only they would understand. Billy was still thinking about his father, he was thinking about his mother and about Susan, he was thinking about Max's gloomy, sad faces, and Cesar's frown. He could not say what Steve was thinking and didn't want, the boy's thoughts belonged to him alone.

Sentimental luggage.

It was a good term in Billy's eyes.

"I think I'm going to psychology university." Steve said as the sun began to set on the horizon, and an orange and comfortable light

looked over the deck and the kitchen.

"That makes a lot of sense," Billy whispered, burying his face in Steve's hair. He didn't want to think about Steve leaving and abandoning him in Hawkins.

"That may not work," Steve murmured and patted Billy's hip, trailing his big thumb in circles on exposed skin. "We will maybe be nothing." He knew that Steve could hear his heart pounding in his chest, he squeezed Steve even more and closed his eyes. "But if we ever be ... I want you to come with me."

Right.

This time the turns in Billy's stomach was welcome, the same turns as when he had fallen in love for the first time.

"Steve, I ..."

"It's okay if you don't want to go. It's okay if you leave and want to forget everything that happened today, it's your right to walk with your own legs. Even if we never meet again or have nothing, any experience we have will make me happy. "

Billy opened his mouth to protest, but decided to be quiet.

"Eleven may need to save the world again, right?" Steve laughed and walked away.

Billy knew enough about abandonment to know that when Steve leaves, he would not come back. And he would not blame him if he disappeared into the world, but Billy could not lie to himself that his heart warmed to think that perhaps, just maybe, he might be the Kirk of Steve's Spock.

His mother had abandoned him when Billy was ten. He does not remember his eight or seven years, but he remembered clearly when he was nine years old, the hell that was his house, how his mother threw things at him and said that Billy was not her son, that she had not given birth to that ...

I had not given birth to that thing.

Thing.

Thing.

Then one day she left, left a note that Neil had not let Billy read, she didn't say where she was going or if she was coming back, she just said that maybe she killed herself along the way and that it was his fault. Neil then began to drink, sometimes Billy would catch him crying, but the tears were always dried quickly.

Neil treated him scornfully, as if Billy were a dog he could not leave in the street.

So Billy started trying to get that attention, doing something wrong, getting into trouble and disrespecting Neil. This took a reaction from the man and for years Billy lived in that relationship.

Billy thought of Neil's emotional baggage.

"I'll be taking the kids home soon." Steve said looking at the clock above the refrigerator. "But if you want to stay, we can talk some more."

Billy nodded and Steve smiled, leaning down and giving him a soft kiss on the lips.

He went up to the deck and said something Billy could not hear. The children frowned, but soon gathered their things and their backpacks and ran into the locker room, only El and Max followed Steve into the house.

"Can I go first?" Max asked to El without looking at Billy. She just shook her head.

The girl then turned to Billy and smiled.

"Hi." He said and Steve handed her a two-waffle sandwich.

She didn't answer and began to eat the sandwich, Billy shrugged and grabbed a sandwich from the tray, getting an annoyed look from Steve.

Despite what Steve had said at school and how Billy had gotten excited about the word, they didn't fuck.

When Steve came home and kissed Billy slowly and affectionately, he knew that tonight, they would not fuck.

It was long and pleasant the way Steve pulled him into a kiss and kept him there for a few minutes, just savoring the boy's lips with his. There was not that animalistic urge like the first kiss. It took a while for Billy to realize that Steve was waiting for him, that the boy was giving him time to find out and discover the other's body. Billy had no idea what he was doing, the only thing he understood was that the proximity of sitting next to Steve was not enough. He needed more.

Right.

As he sat on Steve's lap, feeling the boy's tongue on his adam's apple, he understood they would not fuck.

No.

When Steve took off his shirt and took Billy to the bedroom, he saw that it would be less than fucking, but at the same time much and much more.

Steve was gentle, his soft mouth running down his abdomen, his tongue in the inside of his bare thigh and lips on his dick, the same tongue all the way up, ripping out sounds from Billy's throat that he didn't know were possible to be produced. The fingers that found the way of his body and gently showed him what pleasure was, what it was to be loved by another man, how the barriers of the body didn't extend to the sex that was made for the pure purpose of satisfaction. No, it was much more.

Billy thought he was going to go crazy with Steve's fingers inside his body, he thought it would explode with pleasure, Steve's lips, Billy didn't know what to do.

"Touch me." Steve pleaded against Billy's lips, guiding Billy's hand down to his hard, swollen cock, seeking for some contact.

Billy touched him, finally losing the shame and muttering in Steve's ear how good he was, how well he was feeling with Steve's fingers inside his body, touching him so intimately. He looked between their bodies, to his hand that moved up and down Steve, who made small movements with his hips.

Steve's request was silently made and Billy helped him tear the package apart.

Billy was nervous, but his body was strangely relaxed and opened to Steve as if he were already used to the boy.

It hurted, but Steve kissed his tears and his furrowed brow, stroked his thighs, coaxing them to curl around his waist, making his body move closer to Billy, and he slid deeper into the boy.

He was lost in emotions and Steve didn't move during his tears. He was no longer crying with pain.

As he pushed his hips up, Steve felt the electricity he loved so much. Billy could feel it in his fingertips as he grabbed Steve's arms in an unsuccessful attempt to not groan too loudly. Steve penetrated him gently and delicately, but all that strength, passion, and warmth were there, creating roots between them and merging them further into each other.

" *Stronger.* " Billy asked quietly, just for Steve to hear. " *Fuck, more* "

Steve complied and filled him more tightly, taking Billy's lips in a kiss that didn't look like a kiss very well, it was just lips that met. Billy felt closer and closer to the end, he was too sensitive and his cock dragged hard between his abdomen and Steve's was just too much for him.

Steve then relaxed and pulled the body away from Billy's, looking where they were connected.

Billy felt his face get even redder, but still he leaned on his elbows and looked at it.

Steve's cock, thick and red, inside him, Billy felt salivate in a need that was new.

He threw himself back into bed and closed his eyes. Steve pulled his legs up and folded them in front of Billy's body, the position straining his belly and making his breathing difficult, but it made Steve go even deeper into his body.

" Yes ." he moaned and more tears streamed down the sides of his face.

"You like it?" Steve asked kissing Billy's calf.

" Yes. God . "Billy groaned and grabbed his own hair.

"Come for me, my love." Steve said hoarsely. Billy didn't need a second command, his hand came down over his own body, and he touched himself aggressively. When he came, Steve moaned much louder than before and Billy contracted his body again, pulling out more and more of those groans until Steve locked in place and grabbed Billy's hips so hard that he knew there would be bruises.

My love.

Steve was right. Any experience Billy had with that boy would make him happy. Even if it was only a relief from the stress they both felt, even if none of it was real in the end, Billy knew that he would carry Steve's words and the essence of the boy forever inside him and do his best, so he could take that wisdom to other people who had the same problem as him. Adolescents, and even adults like Neil, who needed help to see and accept the emotional baggage of every human being, people who needed help to see that forgiveness was not something that was achieved because forgiveness didn't exist, what existed was the understanding and learning of every shit, what existed was the reconquest and reconstruction of a trust that was once lost, sometimes it could be quick, sometimes it could last a lifetime, or sometimes this reconstruction would never happen. But it was all right. He wanted others to know that suffering and rancor were a cycle that needed to be broke from inside.

Billy Hargrove.

Billy Hargrove, no.

Willian H. Sanchez, was happy to have met Steve.

And that's why when Steve laid down beside him and caressed his face, smiling like a child who had just won a Christmas present, Billy decided that cycle of hatred and resentment that once existed between them seemed so far, had a definite end and that end was the beginning of a new cycle.

And they both started the same way.

Billy filled his lungs, looked deep into Steve's eyes and said smiling.

"Am I dreaming or is that you, Harrington?"

You rocked me like a hurricane - Translation and adaptation of the song Rock You Like a Hurricane, which is the song that plays in the first scene of Billy in the TV show. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S1su-fu2ghM>

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